sat down and wrote letters to H. New, Indianapolis, Ind. requesting him to lend them \$2,000 for a little while, as they de-sired to have their small sisters instructed

wanted to give his office assistants a chance

to burn up seven or eight tons of mail

while he wasn't looking.
"On his way back from Idaho to Indianapolis, a couple of months later, Mr. New, with his friend Fanning, dropped off in Chicago, and some friend there grabbed them and dragged them off for an afternoon at the Washington Park racetrack. When they reached the track the Chicago friend told Mr. New that the horse Harry New was going to run in a handicap that

elves.
"Up in the stand Mr. New and his friend

tation of being one, without my ever get-ting the price of a pinwheel out of him. I might as well be strung up for a dog as for a sheep, and I'm going to bet a hundred bones on my four-hoofed namesake right

grounds that Mr. New's commissioner was going up and down the line, soaking a thou-sand at a clip on the Harry New horse, and

se was named, dropped just \$100,000 on horse, betting on him when he also ran,

and that he never pulled down the price of a smoke on the horse when Adolph Spreckels

"I'd be almost as willing to have 'em name

a five-cent cigar after me as a racehorse, and can't make it stronger than that."

PHILADELPHIA HIGH FLYERS.

Cigarettes and Bridge Among the Women

of the Smart Set.

From the Philadelphia Press

society woman to stop smoking because

she was ruining her teeth by excessive use of

cigarette holder, made of meerschaum, which

is now black with nicotine. Her teeth are only slightly discolored just at the front of the

cigarettes. This same woman once very pretty teeth and she used a dainty little

A dentist recently ordered a Philadelphia

Punishment of the Marquis A LEGEND OF THE AZORES

"Girls of your age do not know what is best for them, and it is the business of their parents to do with them as they think best. You will become a nun, either by

"What you desire is to take from me your share of my fortune so that in the future you can feed some blackguard, who, with his eye to the benefit of that,

In the church I will declare loudly before all that I am forced to profess my vows. I will say that such an act is brought about by violence, and that I have been dragged

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you insult me by uttering such words, I will bury this sword in your breast. It will be an example-terrible, but necessary-in this cursed time, when children think that they can instruct their parents as to what is best to be done for their welfare. I have no explanation to make to you. You shall not marry the Dom Al-

retired, making the staircase shake with his noble tread.

the Heritor the Marquis Maria de Quadroswas without that tragedy.

Amelia-later known as Sister Amelia de Purificacao-at 17, was, like her sisters of the Azores, slightly dark. Under her olive skin the blood flushed red. Riant health was

She smiled easily and cheerfully, and her biographer-whose story of her life may still be found in the archives of the Church of St. John-says of her:

"Her lips reminded one of the flower of the pomegranate, and her regular and perfect figure was well rounded and had a singuar enchantment."

the convent. Again her biographer says: She was dragged, rather than coming of her own will, to the church, and her father shouted worse than a lost soul. Her uncle, a Franciscan friar, blessed her more than ten times, and her mother, an old noblewoman from the island of Terceira, burned many candles to Saint Catharine that she

should give some sense to the girl. canctioning marriages and making friars." she declared, however, that she would go

in as a novice, not because she wished to leading at her own home.

n the islands for the trade in Pico wines, had been informed of what was going on.

to a close. The catechising at the convent became more stringent, the hours of prayer

escence on her lips, she listened.

But while they explained to her the sub-tleties of the heavy old books, bound in smooth white leather, she knew not if they were telling her of St. Chrysostom or St. Anthony of Padua. Instead of the asceti-

ing came to tell her that there must be

courage!

One day her father sought her in the convent parlor. This had seldom happened since the beginning of her novitiate.

He came in his full Captain's uniform.

seated himself near the grating in an arm-chair, placing his shako upon a table, while his daughter, standing with eyes on the ground, arms hanging limply and hands crossed—in an attitude of respect and fear, swaited himself.

make to this?"

for which I have suffered so much in our house. I will never be a nun."

The Marquis restrained his anger and

The Marquis left her standing and strode out of the room. The Abbess found her there a half hour later. She had not moved.

That night a longer letter than ever made known to Alfredo the destiny which

Evidence That if a Horse Is Named for You You Will Have Cause to Be Sorry.

The turfmen at the Broadway paddock the other afternoon were guying Tim Hurst, the umpire, about his equine name-

about three weeks ago, the umpire requickly, Alfredo mio."

The servant brought reply. Alfredo told her that with the means then at his disposal a marriage was out of the question. That his love for her was unfailing, despite caused him to unbelt on the colt. The youngster ran green, and finished, according to the mad wags, on the following ill difficulties, and despite the opposition Monday week.

Mr. Hurst framed up a telegram to friend, the owner of the colt, which the telegraph company refused to transmit unless certain passages were deleted. Among other heated things, he said that if the colt's name wasn't instantly changed he would have two or three dozen of his Highbinder friends run down to Los Angeles

wire from Los Angeles about the Tim Hurst

her, but the poor lady, completely under the influence of her husband, preached a long sermon to her daughter on the sin of disobedence. The wine-laden bark had sailed for Eng-The fatal Sunday dawned at last. From 9 o'clock in the morning the people began to crowd the church. Precious Indian vases filled with flowers adorned all the off on him already.'

friends out of real money.

horrific hoots.

"My daughter," she said, "the wished-for hour has come. Your father awaits you near the door of the choir which opens into the body of the church. We shall "What is it my duty to do then, my mother?"

"Accompany me as far as the gratings of the choir. You will be followed by a commission of the most qualified sisters of this house. This is the happiest day of your life, my daughter, thanks to the goodness of the Most High."

"Who knows, Mother Abbess?"

The Abbess made no reply, and Amelia blessed herself instinctively. She kissed the hand of the Mother Abbess.

"I am ready, my mother," she said.

At the entrance from the choir Amelia gave her hand to her father. of the notion.

"He named the colt after another price layer, a man operating on the Chicago tracks. Six months later the bookmaker The vast crowd in the church looked curiously at the gentle girl. They crossed the body of the church in front of a crowd of women which drew back to let them. with the colt named after him was wearing wire in his shoes in place of shoestrings and making ten cent parlay bets with coon handbook men outside the gates. He had been put to the mat by the hoodoo of having pass up to the high altar. There were tears in many eyes. The Heritor the Marquis Maria de Quad-

"That hoodoo doesn't, like other hoodoos, work every time, but it's there with its Jonah paint on nine times out of ten.

"Not so many years ago a man named a horse after George B. Cox, the Cincinnati political boss, when Mr. Cox wasn't looking. He wasn't any bad horse, either. During his first few racing seasons he managed scandal."

The ritual of the church continued, solemn and majestic. Amelia was on her knees and felt against her neck the cold scissors which with one cut took off to reach the home ribbon in front of the others a whole lot of times. But they overraced the old plater and he came to be a crab. "Nevertheless, the Cincinnati folks went

her beautiful hair...
"She is guarding her strength," thought her father, "for the moment of the profession of the oath."

When that moment arrived he was livid, frightful. He grasped his sword hilt.

The Governor of the forces, seeing him thus, left his place and went to the side of the Marquis. on playing him every time he went to the post. Then they began to get their snicker sneeze out for George B. Cox, the politician. "They sort o' held him personally re-

the Marquis.

"Strength, my friend," he said; "you are robbed of a daughter, but you will be greatly recompensed for the sacrifice."

The Marquis leaned toward his kneeling daughter. seeing his name, as transferred to the horse. daughter.
"We play for a life here—yours or mine!"

newspapers. gulp the bitter cup which was put before her, took the oath, without pause, and with a voice which rang through out the great George B. Cox at Latonia, Dogge Cox; As a matter of fact, there are really common Mongrel Conduct of George B. Cox; As a matter of fact, there are really common George B. Cox—He Heads the List of Also paratively few women in Philadelphia society who smoke cigarettes excessively. These few who smoke cigarettes excessively. These few who smoke cigarettes excessively. Rans; 'Sulky Brute-George B. Cox Fails His Backers and Refuses to Try;'and stuff

like that.
"He went to the owner of the horse and wrapped in the veil of a spiritual bride. The rejoicings continued. told him that he'd pay the Jockey Club fee to have the horse's name changed, but the She felt something snap in her breast. She raised her handkerchief to her lips owner wouldn't consent to that, telling the boss that the horse was liable to get good

Quadros received a letter from the Mother Abbess telling him that God counted one more angel in His heaven—that his daughter

anything you want that I can give you.'

"But the owner crawfished out of doing that because he didn't want to hurt the horse's feelings.

"One morning, on the day following the success of Boss George B. Cox's candidates at the Cincinnati primaries, the Cincinnati papers came out with huge headlines, 'George B. Cox Soundly Walloped,' 'Cox Gets Smothered,' 'G. B. Cox a Good Old Also Ran,' and so on. The headlines referred, of course, to the defeat of the overraced old horse on the previous day at the Newport track.

cally opposed to Boss Cox published the account of his triumph at the primaries under a small head in the middle of the On the under side of the great stone and on the walls of the tomb were marks as those made by the chisel of a stone mason.

under a small head in the middle of the paper, and the account of the defeat of the horse George B. Cox under immense headlines on the first page. One of them used the display headline, 'The Soap Factory—Only Proper Place for George B. Cox.'

"It may have been only a coincidence, mind you, but I noticed that the horse George B. Cox never went to the races after that. I'm not saying either that the old plug is helping to pull a Cincinnati crosstown truck at the present time, but I saw his ringer, all right, doing his bit to truck pole when in Cincinnati last summer.

"Then there was the case of Harry New. A few years ago some fellow named a race—

A few years ago some fellow named a race-horse after Harry New of Indianapolis when Mr. New was up in Alaska or hunting in the wilds of British Columbia, or some-where that made it impossible for him to

fine morning without having every pin-headed friend that he met hand him a wallop on the back and express the hope that he'd limber up and get a gait on the

and the Middle west that harry New of Indianapolis was cleaning up about a million dollars every time the horse Harry New started and won. Then the grafters and the smoothies who wanted him to invest in turquoise mines in Montana and things began to lie in walt for the Indianapolis men in alleys and hallways and apolis man in alleys and hallways and spring upon him whenever he ventured out of his house or his office, and his mail got to be bigger than A. Carnegie's.
"Every day several hundred persons scattered all over the western hemisphere LIS WORD OF HONOR.

An Incident After the Suppression of the Commune in Paris in 1871.

sired to have their small sisters instructed in the Spanish language, and had no means of their own wherewith to gratify this laudable ambition. Philanthropists by proxy from all over North America began to make pilgrimages to Indianapolis to request the successful racetrack plunger, H. New, to chip in toward the erection of homes for the aged, orphan asylums, and similar institutions.

"It became so strong finally that Mr. New and his side partner, Joe Fanning, the State Auditor of Indiana, framed up a jackrabbit hunting expedition out in the Idaho sage brush country. Mr. New wanted to give his office assistants a chance He was only a boy of sixteen, and yet they were going to shoot him.

The company of the Communards to

which he belonged had just been overcome by the army of Versailles. Captured, nis weapons still in his hand, with about dozen of his comrades he had been taken to

erenity of his face, the commandant gave orders that he should be placed at one side and guarded while the execution of nis companions was attended to. A printer's apprentice, up to the time

New was going to run in a handicap that afternoon. The Indianapolis man would never have visited the track had he known that, but it was too late for him to turn back.
"There were fifteen thousand people at
Washington Park that day, and the word
quickly spread among the whole gang
that the man after whom the horse Harry The privations of the siege, the long nours of waiting before the doors of the nat the man after whom the horse Harry New was named was on the grounds. They all took it as the biggest kind of a hunch, and when the books offered 5 to 1 at the opening against Harry New they slaught-ered the slates in their wildness to get down. Most of the books rubbed Harry New's name entirely, taking the hunch them-selves. grocers and the butchers, in the snow and

is shoulder "Up in the stand Mr. New and his friend Fanning were wholly unaware of what was going on in the betting ring. Said Mr. New to Mr. Fanning, before the betting on the handicap began:

"'Joe, I'm not a betting man; you know that. But, b'jinks, this measly racehorse that bears my name has given me the reputation of being one without my ever get-Later, half to win a little something to

eat and half out of fear, he had thought t his duty to enroll in the army of the Commune. And now, when he was on the point of paying with his life for a thing which he had always hated, he could congratulate himself, at least, that he had not single death with which to reproach himself. Still, whether he had killed any one or

"Mr. Fanning, who had never before bet on the Harry New horse either, thought that that was good enough for him, and he said that he'd go a hundred himself. He not, his own life was forfeit. But it mattered little to him now whether he lived or died. What he had seen and suffered during the last few months caused him a scrambled down to the betting ring and got the two hundred down at the opening price, real fear of life.

To be sure, it was hard to leave his mother days before, she had been much weaker.

There was nothing on tap against the horse when the field lined up at the barrier, and the 15,000 folks on the grounds figured that him: if they would only give him an hour's liberty, he would hurry to see her and Harry was as good as in, his number out, and the cashiers dishing out the dough.

"Harry New finished last. After the race one of the track officials smuggled Mr. New and his friend Fanning into the then come back to those who seemed so eager to shed his blood. He would give them his word of honor to return, and he would do so. What was there to keep him?

He was lost in these sad reflections, when suddenly the commandant, followed secretary's office and entertained them there for a couple of hours. The track official was a cautious man, and he didn't want to take a chance on having the Indianapolis man and his companion mobbed on their way from the track by the riotous hunch-

what awaits you?"
"Yes, sir. I am ready."
"What, ready? Have you no fear of

players who had stood the tap on Harry New. "The horse Adolph Spreckels wasn't "Less than of life, sir. I have lived through such horrible things during the such a jady one, either, and gathered in more than enough purses to pay his way while he was going to the races. But they'll tell you out yonder in San Francisco that Adolph Spreckels, the man after whom the last six months that death seems

sir, do for me what you would wish some one else to do for you. Grant me an hour's liberty to say good-by to my mother, and I give you my word of honor to re-turn at the end of that time and yield myself to you."

paratively few women in Philadelphia society who smoke cigarettes excessively. These few are mostly bridge whist players who have always been great card players and, like all of that ilk find smoking and cards perfectly congenial. It seems to give an odd and peculiar pleasure to the player to blow wreaths of smoke as he or she scans the hand. And then gambling is a nervous occupation and nicotine is, beyond peradventure, composing while it is being used. The Indians used it at peace councils.

A number of the younger women in Philadelphia daily with cigarette smoking, but are really not what might be termed cigarette smokers as yet.

To some women, a cigarette is very becoming and gives a smart touch that is fascinating. To others it is really a weed—a weed among roses—for it is utterly unfitting to their style.

Nearly all chorus girls and artists' models smoke cigarettes. The formeg seldom have any voices to ruin and the latter find a few puffs restful after a long, arduous pose.

Most of the women use imported cigarettes, which, as a witty Englishman has said, are a mixture of dreams and wickedness with a flavor of tobacco. The most confirmed, utterly gone smokers, use a cheap cigarette made of Virginia tobacco. That is worse for the teeth. Another conceit is to have beautiful golden tips and initials on each cigarette. This looks smart.

Nearly all men, especially husbands and brothers, discourage women smoking, but him.
"My word." he muttered, "this mere lad talks like a knight of olden times."

Suddenly he stopped short before his

"Sixteen the 15th of next July."
"Where does your mother live?"
"At Belleville."
"Why did you leave her? Why did you

He hastened toward his mother's door, but the woman stopped him.

"Do not go in," she said in a low voice.

"Your mother is resting."

Impatient, the boy did not understand half of what she was saying. He thought he heard his name feebly called. On tiptoe he made his way to his mother's bed. He was not mistaken. She was awake.

"Victor," she said in a weak voice.

Without a word her son clasped her

you have come home. You shall find some work close by, and soon all these hard days will seem only a terrible nightmare."

She embraced him several times, then, wearied, let her head sink back on the pillow and gave herself up to happy thoughts of

had fallen quietly asleep.

The sight restored all his energy. Perhaps a merciful Providence was helping thus to make more easy the accomplishment

of his duty and sparing him a scene of deso-lation more heartbreaking than the first.

commandant, astonished.

the dickens of a hurry. Without failing in your word, you might have stayed a little longer with your mother."

"Poor mother! After a scene of tears in which I felt all my courage dwindling away, tears of joy for her and tears of despair for me, she fell asleep, so calmly, so happily, that I had not the strength to wake her up in order to leave her anew forever. She was happy in the thought that I would never leave her again. Who knows, if, at the last moment, I should not have weakened? Now, sir, I have only one thing to ask of you, and that is to do your duty and do it quickly."

The commandant looked at the boy, still more astonished, and in spite of himself

more astonished, and in spite of himself his eyes were wet with pity and admira-

ion. "And if I should pardon you and set you

free?"
"Ah! sir, I should accept willingly, because of the happiness for my poor mother."
"H'm! You are an honest lad and you do not deserve so much suffering. You may go—but, first, give me your hand. Good, go now, and quickly. Return to your mother and continue to love her al-

ways."
As he spoke the kind hearted comman

As he spoke the kind hearted commandant took the young man by the shoulders and pushed him gently outside.

"It would have been a terrible pity to do anything else," he said to his officers as he turned around.

Victor did not run, he flew, rather, back to Belleville. Happily, his mother was still asleep, but her sleep seemed restless. He dared not wake her, although he longed to embrace her and have her share in his joy.

Presently she sat up, crying:

"Victor!—my child! Ah! have pity! But
you are here," she added, awakening. "Is
it indeed you?"

As she spoke, she pressed him closely o her, covering him with kisses.
"Ah! my dear child!" she said, "I dreamed that they were going to shoot you!

A THING MAGICIANS CAN'T DO It Is to Prevent Other Magicians From Stealing Their Tricks.

"We are always on the alert," said a local dealer in magicians' supplies, "to introduce something new in the way of tricks and novelties. But it is hard to get up anything novel.

"The death of Beautier De Kolta, the French magician, removed one of the greatest prestidigitators, in my opinion, in the world, not even barring the late Alexander Herrmann or Kellar. De Kolta invented more original tricks than any other

"Yet he never got the full credit due him because of his belief in the honesty of human nature. De Kolta never patented any of his tricks. It would not have done him any good if he had, because no matter what means are taken to protect tricks, there is no redress if someone comes along and steals them. The least bit of improvement makes the person or persons who steal them immune from any prosecution. De Kolta was very ingenious, and had he

lived he might have given the world one of the greatest tricks it has ever known. De Kolta's best trick was the flying birdcage, which gave him a wide reputation. "Holding an ordinary cage in his hand

with a live bird in it he made bird, cage and all disappear before your very eyes. It was a great deception and was always certain of making a hit when produced. De Kolta sold the trick to Kellar. "Another of De Kolta's inventions was to produce 5.000 artificial flowers from an

empty piece of paper in the shape of a cone. De Kolta said that the principle of this trick was not palming, although he could palm 500 flowers, which is considered a great feat.

"The cocoon is another trick that De Kolta originated. He took an ordinary wooden frame and placed a piece of white paper on it. On the paper he drew a picture of a silkworm. After he had completed the interest the near tradity break and a silk

picture the paper would break and a silk cocoon appeared. "Gradually the cocoon opened and a radually the cocoon opened and a young woman stepped out upon the stage. This was another great trick, but the idea of it was stolen and soon several other magicians introduced it.

"The vanishing lady was also De Kolta's

idea. A woman, usually his wife, sat on a chair in full view of the audience and disappeared. This trick also was stolen, and De Kolta was almost heartbroken.

A good illusion costs a lot of money.

Some magicians are willing to pay as high as \$3,000 for one.
"I receive letters from persons every day who say that they have invented new tricks. Of course, I answer all of them, and when I receive a reply I learn that they are simply old ideas with the principle reversed. Of course, they don't amount to anything

BURGLAR IN PETTICOATS.

and are never brought out.

One of the Best Servants in France a Man Disguised as a Woman. From the Springfield Republican.

It is not easy, even in France, to find good help. I think I am giving some consolation to the women who happen to read this. The best help is discovered through personal best help is discovered through personal inquiries; the "employment offices" (bureaux de placement) recommend too frequently undesirable persons. Last year all the papers reported a strange occurrence, which frightened many Parisian women. A physician and his wife had secured a house-maid about 23 years old, who came with the best certificates. She was devoted, attentive, laborious, capable, always smiling—in short, an ideal girl. After a fortnight, when the physician's wife was visiting her friends, she excited their jealousy by her reports of such a wonderful "bonne," for that question is the most frequent topic of women's conversation in France.

One morning a grave gentleman called on the physician. "Have you here," he said, "a housemaid named Mary?"
"Yes, sir."
"Are you pleased with her?"

"Do not be alarmed, I will cause you no crouble: there is my card." It read: "M. Hamard, chef de la sureté" (chief of detec-

Bringing Out the Family Skeleton. From the Portland Oregonian.

"Yes," said the pink cheeked schoolma'am "you'd be surprised at the array of family skeletons trotted out for the teacher's in-

esigned his position the other day, after having held the job for only a little over a week.

HIS SHADOW.

A German Version of the Proverb That Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

"Splendid," he groaned, bracing his thin egs against the heavy swing in which they were standing opposite each other until it flew into the foliage of the oak from a branch of which it was hung

Things began to go round before his eyes. It was not dizziness that laid hold of him, but fear-downright fear. He saw nothing. was conscious of nothing, but the outlines of her girlish form, and to the latter his glance was riveted as if the glorious vision were his only means of safely

into the foliage, and tore off a hunch of eaves. The action gave the swing a jers as if its chains were breaking.

"For heaven's sake! Suppose you were to turn dizzy—"
"Oh, there isn't the slightest danger;

termilk. Well, on my account-no. yours, I mean-" Another swing or two, and then she jumped off. She bit her lips when he

cautiously climbed after.

"You weren't afraid?" she inquired, hearing him draw a breath of relief.

"I know no fear!" How haughty that sounded! "It was anxiety for you. Gerda, you know, or at least suspect, that I--"I suspect that you were going to say something pointless. Besides—Oh, how do

Woods and Forests Department, who was just emerging from the park.
Could he have been listening to their conversation? Well, at any rate, the interloper met with no better treatment at Gerda's hands than he, Roderick.
He had made her acquaintance at a ball in the city, and they had become such good friends that he had found time to remove the dust of oblivion from his somewhat remote bond of relationship with "Uncle Fritz of Derenthal."

These were Mr. Lienhardt's words as he

He had money enough to quit his profession, that of law, and retire into private life with that of law, and retire into private life with a package of new visiting cards. Mrs. Lienhardt looked upon him as an ideal husband for her daughter, while Uncle Fritz, who could not imagine a decent

Mr. Lienhardt much preferred Assessor Heinz Steinbauer, who sometimes went deerstalking with him, as a prospective deerstalking with him, as a prospective son-in-law. The young man, to be sure, had no money, and would have many years to wait before he could expect a paying position, but— Well, he was a man! Miss Gerda shared her father's opinion, though

she did not say so.

That night Dr. Roderick Mappes did not sleep comfortably.

Why should this distant tower-room,

Why should this distant tower-room, connected with the rest of the house only by a spiral stair which was shut off by a door from the floor below, have been assigned to him? The view, which Aunt Bertha had praised so highly, could be seen only by daylight.

But at night—and especially this night, after a supper during which the assessor in his exasperating phlegmatic way hadreferred to the story of Mr. Lienhardt's predecessor, who, after a wild career, had ended his life by a revolver shot in this very room! Then Uncle Fritz had treated them to a long dissertation on the many superstitions which foolish people attached to the tower.

Even during the preceding nights Dr. Roderick had felt uncomfortable in the room, but now he needed all his strength of

to the tower.

but was that his fault?

but was that his fault?

"I believe you will end by being afraid of your own shadow," Assessor Steine hardt had muttered that morning during the hupt, when Roderick had refused to shoot a stray cat sitting on a willow branch, excusing himself by saving that the thing might jump down on his head. And now, shivering until his teeth chattered, he was pursued by that suggestion until at last. pursued by that suggestion until, at last, completely exhausted, he fell into a tor-

tured sleep.

Murdered men, wild cats, ghosts and ladies in white, a whole army of grewsome visions, thronged in upon him. Thencame long, sleepless hours during which the awful nightmare continued with undurable vividness.

endurable vividness.

Finally he was frightened with his own shadow. It was sitting in Gerda's swing, stretching out gigantic arms which grew longer and longer for every movement of the swing, until they caught him by the feet.

longer and longer for every movement of the swing, until they caught him by the feet.

Gerda was standing by. He saw her eyes sparkle, heard her mocking laugh, while the arms of the shadow closed about his body, tighter and tighter, until he had to fight for his breath—fight—fight.

He awoke in a bath of perspiration. The weather vane on the roof was creaking and groaning, and from the same direction came a peculiar crooning sound.

He was as if paralyzed. Something not discernible to the naked eye seemed to be coming nearer and nearer.

He must flee—he must get where he could feel the presence of living beings, even if he had to spend the night beside the dog Hector on the hall floor. He sprang from his bed, seized his trousers and, without stopping to put on anything more, snatched his hastily-lit lantern and escaped from the room.

But on the wall of the stairway in the light thrown upon it by the lantern, his shadow was hovering. A draft from an open window extinguished his candle.

Panic-stricken, he flew rather than walked down the stairs, while an uncanny something was pursuing him. It caught at his feet just as he pushed open the door at the foot of the stairs.

A sudden light blinded him—only for a moment, but long enough for him to recognize a human form. To this unexpected rescuer he clung with the strength of despair, groaning.

"Help! Save me from my shadow!"

spair, groaning.
"Help! Save me from my shadow!" A piercing shriek and a loud crash was the reply. Then a door opened and in it stood Mr. Lienhardt, dressed for husting. An amazed, "Well," came from his big chest at the sight of Martha Stevelin, the

stolid chambermaid, half unconscious in the arms of his unconventionally attired guest. Behind Mr. Lienhardt, Heinz Stein-bauer was holding his sides with laughter. When Martha could speak at last, she uttered a contemptuous:
"You ought to be ashamed of yourself,

and turned flercely upon the assessor. But something caught him from behind, and something caught him from belling, with three him into a new paroxysm of fear. "Fasten your suspenders, my boy." Uncle Fritz said. "You are stepping on!"

Uncle Fritz said. "You are stepping on them. Martha will bring you a cup of coffee after your fright. Come in here, but look out that you don't step on the pieces of the lantern. Well, here is my wife so early in the morning."

The lady of the house, waked by the noise, was standing there in a morning gown, trembling with wrath over what Martha had shouted to her on the way to the kitchen. The explanation did not help matters.

me. Take me anywhere-only take me

f her family. He added that his master had proposed

that he go as supercargo in a bark which was even then loading with wine for England, and that his profits, he hoped, would be such that he could return and marry her. He advised that under the circumstance is the could return the content of the circumstance.

stances it were better to gain time until he could return, and then all would be well. In the convent the prayers for the novi-tiate continued. Her mother came to visit

IV.

religious ceremony.

Amelia was alone in her cell, seemingly

unconscious of all that was going on around her. At last three blows sounded on the door. It was the Mother Abbess.

into the body of the church. We shall have a splendid feast."

"What is it my duty to do then, my

ros, had scarcely time to say to his daugh-

Do not shame me, for love of God.

Amelia. Any scandal is for me a question of life or death. Mind, the curse of a father falls heavily on the head of his child."

"But you are burying me alive."
"I prefer even that to the shame of candal."

was finished.
Sister Amelia Purificação at last arose

no longer lived.

"A good daughter," said the Heritor.
"Obedient, and a friend of her family's

uried in the Carmo, in the tomb of his

The sword was nicked and broken.
"What devil is this?" cried the mason.

"It must be that some one has tried to escape from his tomb."

They called the sacristan.

"That must have been somebody buried alive!" he said.

Then he lighted an enormous cigarette.
"Would it be a man or a woman?" asked

"The Heritor the Marquis Maria de Quadros was the last person buried in this tomb," he said. "The coffin is broken open. How he must have suffered beating against those walls with his sword—and nobody

Screw More Than 85 Feet Long.

From the London Evening News.

omb with lime.

her beautiful hair.

and. Amelia was left alone. .

"But I say you shall," shouted the Mar-"And I say I will not," replied Amelia.

your own will or by force." "I will not!"

"You shall. I tell you you do not know your own mind, and you do not know my temper yet, Amelia. I would have the courage to drag you by your hair to the altar, if, perchance, you had the daring to disobey me. Your mother knows well of my temper. If she at any time contradicts me-ah!" And the Marquis hesitated. Then he continued:

will marry you. You will be well off if you wait for that!" "I desire nothing that belongs to you.

to the altar!" "And I shall be at your side, and before

fredo. That is all." The Heritor the Marquis de Quadros

Amelia Etelvira de Quadros, daughter of the family is now extinct-was one of the most beautiful of the family which for generations had been known in the Azores for charity, learning and the beauty of its women. True, there had been a few demented children, but no Azorean family in the day when this story had its making

There was almost a scandal at the time of the entrance of Amelia as a novice at

"The servants of the house were running about for a week in a living ring, carrying letters, now to the convent, and from there to the auditor and from him to the military sudden resolution, as if to drain at one about for a week in a living ring, carrying governor, who at that time united in himself divers powers-commanding troops, Amelia resigned herself to enter the litter which was to carry her to the church. She declared, however, that she would go

be a nun, but merely to free herself from the disagreeable life which she had been Meanwhile Alfredo, her lover, a vouth employed in an English house established

Despite the vigilance of Amelia's family. the two exchanged letters, and more freely than ever after she entered the convent and had at her disposal more leisure hours in which she could write. It was a simple matter to bribe the servants-all must live. Amelia's novitiate, however, was drawing

The novice let them talk-talk much-in greatness."

The Marquis lived many years and was a splendid administrator of his property. He enriched his heir with much land, vine-yards and rentals. Then he died and was reverent attitude. In a beatific silence, seated in a big chair, with her pretty head leaning back and with a smile of acqui-

family.

Many years passed by, and one day, after the convents had been abolished, it became necessary to make some repairs in the chapel under which was the pairs in the chapter under which was the tomb of the Quadros family.

The stone which served as the cover to the entrance to the tomb was lifted. Underneath, with a sword of wonderful workmanship, clasped in bony fingers, lay the cism of a Trappist, she was delighting her-self with very different visions. She saw fields full of light and flowers growing vineyards and mediars, figs and eranges and the loquat—soft, moonlight nights, when the lips of those who love come together like the leaves of the lily—and ever the voice of Alfredo in her dream-

and by his side hung a great sword of most wonderful workmanship, which he swore should be buried with him when he was translated to retain the buried with him when he was translated to other worlds.

The Heritor the Marquis de Quadros "Would it be a man or a woman?" asked the stone mason.

"Who can know that?" replied the sacristan. "Long ago these things were always happening. But wait——"Going to the altar, he took a candle from the candlestick, lighted it and descended the steps into the tomb. A few minutes later he returned.

"The Heritor the Marquis Maria de Quadros was the last person buried in this tomb,"

Rwaited the message of her father.
"You know that next week your novitiate will end?"

"I did not kno w it, my father."

"Well, it is so, and I have resolved that

you shall profess your final vows as soon as
possible. Everything is arranged, and
the solemnity will be worth all the splendor
of my huse. Here you any objection to

of my house. Have you any objection to only," said Amelia. "The same

"Girls of your age do not know what is best for them. You will become a nun either of your own will or by force. I have

those walls with his sword—and nobody could hear him!"

"Who knows but it might have been a punishment for something that he had done?" said the stone mason.

"That is hardly probable. My father often spoke of the Marquis as a most exemplary man. His brother was a friar of Ponta Delgada, and he had a daughter, who was the Sister Amelia Purificação. Ah, I know the history."

Then the sacristan and the stone mason Then the sacristan and the stone maso placed the bones again in the niche, put the stone door in its position and sealed the

English engineering skill has again broken the record. Messrs. Somers of Halesowen have just formed from a single ingot of steel have just formed from a single final matter) has the tremendous length of 85 feet 7 inches. It has a 2 inch thread from end to end, and weighs 17½ tons. It is to be used for a 150 ton "sheer leg," which lifts heavier weights than cranes can manage. to help her.
"Take me away," she begged. "Rescue

THE HOODOO OF THE RACEHORSE.

sake, a two-year-old at Los Angeles. When the two-year-old Tim Hurst first faced the barrier at the Los Angeles track, ceived a telegram from California which

from San Francisco to see about it. Ten days later the umpire got another

"Soak the family heirlooms on him to-day," said the despatch. "His number is as good as hung out. They're paying

Mr. Hurst gnashed and gritted his teeth, to crowd the church. Precious Indian vases filled with flowers adorned all the alters.

The sacristan for two days had done nothing but try to surpass all his previous efforts in beautifying the building. Mountains of cakes had been baked. Viands of the choicest kinds had been cooked and great bowls of sweetmeats were made for the reflection in the parlor at the close of the religious ceremony. seized his overcoat and hat, and hustled out to the highways to offer to lay every friend he met even money that Tim Hurst wouldn't be among the first three in his race. They ate the price up, and the umpire sat near a ticker, calling himself a shine and a bunco man for chiselling his

The Tim Hurst colt won in a walk. Since then the umpire has been unable to project his frame into any place in town without being greeted with unholy derision and

"An owner friend of mine once threat ened to name a two-year-old after me, remarked a well known bookmaker, who felt sorry for Hurst. "I told him that if he did I knew of a place where ground glass was sold in bulk and that his yearling would stand to partake of the cutest glass mash mixed with bran that ever caused a colt to lie down in his stall and forget to get up any more. That nudged him out

racehorse named after him.

sponsible for the devastation of their bank rolls which the Cox horse was causing. And the headlines in the newspapers began to get on his nerves.

"He couldn't pick up a paper without

employed derisively. You know how they bank up the headlines in the Cincinnati "Boss Cox would open his newspapers this: 'A Mutt—That's What George B.
Cox Proved Himself to be Yesterday;'
'Skinned—The Crazy Ones Who Liked
George B. Cox at Latonia; 'Dogged It—
Mongrel_ Conduct_of George B. Cox;'

She raised her handkerchief to her lips and when she took it away she saw that it was tinged with blood.

For two months she dragged out a miserable existence in the gardens of the convent. Blood was often on her lips. The roses were budding.

"If I could only live to see them bloom!" she cried, and stretched her arms toward the north—toward England and Alfredo.

At the close of the spring, when the roses bloomed, the Heritor the Marquis Maria de Quadros received a letter from the Mother Abbess telling him that God counted one was regard in this heaven—that his daughter "But the owner crawfished out of doing "But the owner crawfished out of doing" the boss that the horse was liable to get good again at any time.

"All the horse wants,' said the owner to the boss, is a slow, lumpy track, about a mile and a sixteenth for distance, a good statk knows how to wait, and a good strong finish.'

"Is that all he wants?' gloomily inquired the boss. Well, if you're asking me, I think he wants too d—d much. Get his name changed to Coxey and you can have anything you want that I can give you."

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Newport track.

"Some of the newspapers that were politi-

where that made it impossible for him to protect himself.

"At the outset of his career the horse Harry New wasn't worth \$2. Any old thing wearing hair could beat him doing anything from a jump to four mile heats, and Mr. New couldn't walk down to his office of a

that he'd limber up and get a gait on the next time out.

"Then the horse Harry New signalized the beginning of his three-year-old form by jumping out and towroping everything with hoofs in the handicap division on the Western tracks. He won several rattling handicap races with 10 and 20 to 1 around him, but the Indianapolis man's troubles weren't over even then.

"He had never bet 60 cents on a horse-race in his life, but as soon as Harry New began to annex races at long odds it began to be wafted all over the State of Indiana and the Middle West that Harry New of Indianapolis was cleaning up about a

And when she was good She was very, very good And when she was bad she was arrested. -Cornell Widow Unable to Hold Their Own.

"Sixth lap," groaned the Little Darling

as his fond mamma passed him round the

To the vanity of woman it attested:

There was a little girl And she had a little curl-

This looks smart.

Nearly all men, especially husbands and brothers, discourage women smoking, but their words have no effect. Sad to say, the use of cigarettes by women is ever on the increase. The great reason why is—because it is considered a bit smart to smoke. Many of the smart set smoke, and the women have some pretty cigarette cases, mostly gunmetal studded with jewels.

FUN OF THE COLLEGE BOYS.

Quaker Philosophy. Better to live within one's income, because 's inconvenient to live without it-Pennsyl

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows.

"We've had baked Indian pudding at Me

"Yes, I read that some had been killed in

an uprising in Oklahoma lately "-Harvara From the Philadelphia Record.

"I seldom drink liquor myself," said an elderly man, who was in a reminiscent mood,

"but when I consider the prices charged for drinks to-day compared with the prices asked drinks to-day compared with the prices asked in my youth, I can only wonder at the change that has taken place. Long before the Germantown Railroad was built my father used to keep a tavern at the corner of Ninth and Green streets. It was near the old hay market, and in those days the locality was really a suburb. In looking through some of his papers the other day I came across some old documents, among which were several receipted bills from John Hoffman in 1826. Rye whiskey was billed at 33 cents a gallon, applejack at 35, and Jamaica rum at 37½. Another bill shows cherry brandy charged at 36 cents a gallon, and French brandy presumably Cognac, at a dollar. If we could buy the same brandy to-day at \$10 a gallon, I guess we'd be lucky. And imagine buying good rye whiskey for 33 cents a gallon! Why it almost drives me to drink just to think of it.

he commandant's headquarters. Struck by his youth and the astonishing

when the war with Germany began he had lived a contented, happy life with his father and mother. At the beginning of the war his father had been killed by the Prus-

he ice, had brought his mother to a weary ped of illness, on which she was slowly dying. One day, when he had gone, like so nany others, to gather some potatoes, at he risk of his life, on the plain of St. Denis, Prussian bullet had hit him, lodging in

struggling in this wicked world, but he consoled himself as best he could with the thought that probably she had not much longer to suffer. When he left her, four then men in the betting ring began to fight and gnaw on each other in order to get their change down on the Harry New animal. "My poor boy," she said to him, "kiss me well, for I doubt indeed if I ever see you Ah, he thought, if they would only trust

by several officers, approached.
"It's your turn now, my man.

tiful in comparison."

"Still, if I gave you a chance to choose,
"make you all that you say would not make you hesitate for a moment. If I should say: take to your heels and get out of here, you would go quickly. Eh, young man? And you would not come back again?" And you would not come back again?"
"Try it, sir. For the very rarity of such a thing, put me to the test, it is worth it. It matters little to you, one more or less to be shot. Liberty for a single hour, not more. You will see how promptly I shall return and how little I fear death." a fool as you take me for. Once free and away from here I suppose you will return as willingly to be shot as if you were going to meet your sweetheart? Not much."

"But listen, sir. I know you are kindhearted, and it is doubtless because you have a good mother, one you love more than any one. If, like me, you stood at the point of death, your last thought would be for her. You would bless the man who could give you the supreme consolation of embracing her for the last time. Ah, sir, do for me what you would wish some mouth. But the effect is bad. The woman is trying to stop smoking gradually, limiting

herself to only a few a day and less and less all, the time. It is a pleasant habit versus beauty—and beauty wins.

As a matter of fact, there are really comto you. The commandant strode up and down the room while the young fellow was speaking, pulling his mustache and trying in yain to hide the emotion that mastered

> soner, frowning, his face severe.
> "What is your name?" "What is your name?"
> "Victor Oury."
> "Your age?"

"At Believine.

"Why did you leave her? Why did you join the Communards?"

"We had to eat. And then the neighbors threatened to shoot me if I did not join them. They said I was plenty old enough to do my duty. My poor mother was frightened and advised me to do as every one else did."

"Where is your father?"

"He was killed."

"When?"

"At Bourget."

"Oh, well, I understand," said the commandant solemnly, after reflecting a moment. "You may go and say good-by to your mother. You have given me your word of honor to return at the end of an hour. Very well, I give you until this evening."

He walked away, followed by the guard. The boy was off like a shot. Twenty minutes later he knocked at his mother's door.

The neighbor who was taking care of her opened it for him. She uttered a joyful cryat the sight of the young fellow. Every one believed him to be dead.

He hastened toward him mother's door,

Without a word her son clasped her to his breast. At her touch all his courage gave way and he could only sob despairingly. His poor mother, her strength doubly restored at the sight of her beloved doubly restored at the sight of her beloved son, tried in vain to console him.

"Why do you weep so, dear child?" she whispered. "I shall never let you leave me again. You have nothing to fear. Tear off this terrible uniform, which I cannot bear to see. And as for me, I shall soon be well. I feel much better already, since

and gave nersel up to happy thoughts of the future.

Motionless, almost ashamed of his weak-ness, the boy tried silently to regain his self-control. When he looked up at last strong once more, he saw that his mother

lation more heartbreaking than the first. He resolved to profit by it.
Placing a long kiss on his mother's forehead, he watched her for a few moments,
while she seemed to smile at him, and then
quietly left the room and started back
as quickly as he had come, without once
looking around him or seeing anyone.
"What! Back already?" demanded the
commandant, astonished

"Did I not give you my word of honor?" replied the boy, steadily.
"Yes, but it seems to me you were in

housenment "Yes, sir."
"Yes, sir."
"Are you pleased with her?"
"Perfectly, sir."
"Could I see her?"

Hamard, chef de la sureté" (chief of detective service.)
Mary, modestly blushing, entered the drawingroom. "Good morning, Mary," said Mr. Hamard, as he pulled off the girl's wig: "I arrest you, at last."
"She" was a man, a member of a band of burglars, and had been in the habit of giving them keys and information about houses which could be easily plundered in the absence of the owners.

skeletons trotted out for the teacher's inspection by the pupils of every primary school. All the trials and tribulations of a family are retailed to the teacher, sometimes in a most embarrassing fashion. For instance, the reading lesson the other day was about somebody's pet dog, and how much its master loved it. Little Willie Smith was moved to say:

""We got a dog to our house—it's got mange awful. Papa wanted to kill it, but mamma said she'd get a divorce if he'd be such a cruel brute, then papa he kicked the dog and mamma she throwed the sugar bowl and went and had 'isterics and the doctor came and—"I shut him off at that point, but Willie routed me a moment afterward by saying:

"Oh, teacher, your cheeks is just like my mamma's. D'you rub red stuff on every day, too?"

Asking Too Much. From the Philadelphia Record. The janitor employed in a downtown school

ing held the job for only a little over a week.
"I guess I'm too sensitive," he explained to a friend who asked why he had quit. "You see, whenever I found anything that had been lost I always hung it up on the blackboard, where the owner could see it and claim it. The other morning I went into one of the rooms early to clean up, and there on the blackboard, was written: 'Find the multiplicand.' I looked all over, but I couldn't find anything. The next morning I went into the same room and on the blackboard was written: 'Find the least common divisor.' Then I says to myself: 'If them things is lost and didn't turn up, the first thing I know they'll accuse me of swippin' them.' So I threw up the job. I guess I'm too sensitive."

"Isn't it heavenly?" she asked.

Suddenly she dived with a daring hand

but, Roderick, your face looks like but-

He smiled constrainedly.

you-do, Assessor?" Roderick looked out of the corner of his eye, like a chained dog, at the light haired giant in the uniform of an official of the Woods and Forests Department, who was

Fritz of Derenthal."

These were Mr. Lienhardt's words as he received his "nephew" with a suspicious cordiality, while Aunt Bertha at once decided that she would energetically further possible designs on her only daughter.

Roderick was what is called a good match.

man without some form of activity, per-sisted in calling him a wax doll.

"There are no ghosts," he repeated to himself a hundred times over, but what was the use? His was a sensitive nature, but was that his fault?

Then the tortured man came to himself.

matters.

"You had better dress or go to bed again."

she remarked icily to the annihilated Roderick. "The pigeons on the roof won't do
you any harm."

Some weeks later, in his bachelor quarters, Roderick Mappes read the announcement of an engagement between Heinz Steinbauer and Gerda Lienhards.